

THE LIGUORIAN



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HOW THEY LIKE US.

"Cannot afford to miss one copy of the little book. I enjoy reading it so much."—Detroit.

* * *

"Keep it up for the honor of good St. Alphonsus and the Mother of Perpetual Help. Our Mother under that title is hardly well enough known. You are doing an excellent work in giving her a page or two."

* * *

"I chanced on a copy of The Liguorian at..... It took my eye. Here is my subscription; and may it be many times renewed."

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THE LIGUORIAN

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Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

Vol. XIV.

FEBRUARY, 1926

No. 2

My Crucifix

Had I earth's treasures to command,
Its silver, gold, and jewels rare,
None should I spare—with lavish hand
All would I spend to deck thee fair,
My Crucifix!

But poor—no precious things I own—
Nor are they ought themselves but earth!
Their value lies in this alone:
They stand for things of higher worth.

Their worth—the love with which they're set
Thee, crucifix, to garnish well;
Their lustre—tears with which they're wet;
Their light—the kiss that on them fell.

These jewels all men can call their own:
Earth's poorest wight—the littlest heart!
How lavishly on earth they're strown!
See, little heart, how rich thou art!

Thou Crucifix, thyself wert only dross
Unless, like magic glass, thou didst reveal
To me that first and wondrous Cross
Whose nails and thorns and Blood were real.

For this thou art so much to me,
For this my heart's full treasure-trove
I gladly pour unstintingly
On thee, in tears and marks of love,
My Crucifix!

T. Z. Austin, C. Ss. R.

Father Tim Casey

WHAT THE CALENDAR SAYS

C. D. McENNIRY, C.Ss.R.

"That's an elegant young lady you have there, Mrs. McCaffery," said Father Casey pointing to the gaudy picture on the new calendar adorning the McCaffery home. "Is it one of Mike's people perhaps? She doesn't favor *your* side of the house."

"Mike's people, indeed!" she sniffed. "There's not that much beauty in the whole shebang av them put together."

"She can't be a Burke—you all have brown eyes."

"Thru for you, Father Tim; the brown eyes of the Burkes were famous over the whole counthryside. I mind the time—"

"Then who is this young princess that you have given such a place of honor in your home? You say she belongs neither to yours nor your husband's side of the house." Father Casey had a lesson to teach Mrs. McCaffery, and he was bound he would keep the good woman to the point.

"Arrah, 'tis that very thing I was going to ask your Reverence. It wudden't be Saint Cecilia, now, do you think? Or mebbe the blessed Saint Agnes?"

The priest did not allow this pretended innocence to disarm him.

"Mrs. McCaffery, you know full well no saint of God ever exposed herself to the public gaze in that bold, brazen way. Is that the sort of saint you hold up as a model to your children? No wonder you have to be always complaining of their wickedness."

"Glory be to God could there be anny har-rum in that. 'Tis on'y a bit of a callendher the childhre see down town. They liked it an' brung it home to me. An' what could I do but hang it up on the wall so we could tell Frida' from Chuesda' and not be breakin' God's holy law by atin' mate like haythens?"

"You are not obliged to break one law in order to keep another. God's law does not sanction unseemly pictures in the home. If you are so solicitous about the law of abstinence, how is it I found you all eating meat the last Ember Day?"

"Shure, I'd no more think of atin' mate on an Imber Day than—I dunno what. But it never wanst crossed my mind. I thought the Imber Days wudden' be here for—for—another fortnight."

"Father Hallett announced at all the Masses the preceding Sunday," said Father Casey, severely, "that Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday were Ember Days, days of fasting and abstinence."

"Arrah, that's it! Father Hallett, the Assistant. Shure thim young min sphake in such a way that a body doesn't know the half av what they're sayin'. Now, if it had been your Reverence that made the announcement, wid your strong, clear vice—"

From the way she was spreading the blarney, Father Casey knew she had a guilty conscience. He let her get no further.

"Why didn't you look at the calendar?"

"I did that very thing—an' it said not a wur-rd about the Imber Days."

"Of course, a heathen calendar, like the one you have hanging there on the wall, would say nothing about the Ember Days of the Church. It wouldn't mention Friday or Sunday either, for that matter, if there was any way of skipping them. Why don't you have a Catholic calendar, as I am always urging the people to do. A Catholic calendar will tell you the Ember Days and the Vigils when you are obliged to fast and abstain, the Holydays of Obligation when you are bound to hear Mass, the Feasts of Our Lord, His Blessed Mother and the Saints. It is a simple and easy reminder. Have one, and you will not forget."

In vain. Mrs. McCaffery was waiting with her ready excuse.

"We had a Catholic calennndher wanst, an' nobody looked at it. So, sez I, what's the use?"

"Does anybody look to see when pay day is coming?" queried the priest.

"We all do that."

"Which shows," returned Father Casey, "what is considered the most important thing in this household."

"Shure, your Reverence, a body has to live."

"That is very true, and therefore it is not only your privilege but your duty to look out for the means of livelihood. At the same time, it is equally true that you must die, and so you must make provisions against that also, especially since a great deal more depends on your dying well than on your living well. Does one of the children ever forget its birthday?"

"It's your Reverence that knows full well childhre don't do that."

A birthday is a gr-reat day for the poor things intirely. We do be havin' a bit av a feast for each wan of them. Why not give them this little comfort? It's sorrow a-plenty they will have in their lives, I'm thinkin'."

"Do they remember their saints' days?"

"Glory be to God, isn't it beautiful to think that each wan of them have a blessed saint in heaven to watch over them!" Thus did Mrs. McCaffery try to dodge the question.

"Do they remember their saints' days?" the priest repeated.

"If we were like the priests, wid all their wonderful larnin', shure we'd know when 'tis this saints' day an' when 'tis that saint's day, an' we'd cillybrate them. But what could you expect av the likes av us?"

"Mrs. McCaffery, I should expect you to be able to look at a calendar and read the date and the name of the saint which is clearly printed there. It takes no great learning to do that. The sad fact is," he continued, "that too many of our people have adopted this Protestant fad of giving all the attention to the birthday and neglecting the saint's day. The good old Catholic custom was to have a little feast for each child on his saint's day. Thus, from infancy, the child learned to know and love his heavenly patron, to turn to him for help and guidance, and to strive to imitate his holy life. Which is precisely what the Church intends when she insists that, on his spiritual birthday, the day of his Baptism, every child should be given the name of a saint."

"Childhre nowadays think av nothing but movin' pichers an' baseball an' dancin' and such like. They'll not listen to a body tellin' them about the blessed saints—more's the shame to them."

"How often did you try telling them about the saints, Mrs. McCaffery? If, ever since he was a baby, you had a bit of cake or something for Stephen on St. Stephen's Day, the twenty-sixth of January, don't tell me he wouldn't be interested in hearing something about his great patron. And if you explained to him how St. Stephen was the first of all the martyrs, the first hero to shed his blood for Jesus, and how, while the wicked Jews were stoning him to death, St. Stephen prayed to God to forgive them, and how, just before he died, he saw Jesus coming to take him to heaven—if you repeated all that, year after year, your boy would be more interested in this true and beautiful story than in any moving picture, because he would feel that it was his own personal concern. And then, on the Feast of St. John, the twenty-

seventh of December, you could tell Johnnie about *his* patron, the Disciple whom Jesus loved. St. John leaned on our Lord's breast at the Last Supper. St. John stood by the cross while Jesus was dying and afterwards took His place in caring for the Blessed Mother. St. John faced his persecutors, brave as a lion, when they seized him and threw him into a great pot of boiling oil; but God preserved him and brought him out alive. St. John, when he was too old to preach any more, would get up into the pulpit every Sunday and say: 'Little children, love one another.' There is no boy, even in these days, that wouldn't be interested if you told him all these beautiful things about his patron saint. And there is Agnes' patron, the charming child martyr, and Elizabeth's patron, the queen who so loved the poor, and had the bread in her apron changed into roses, and Louis' patron, the chivalrous knight who led his soldiers to fight for the recovery of the Holy Land. How many things there are to tell about. God has made our holy religion so sweet and attractive, and you allow your children to grow up ignorant of its beauties, while they seek their satisfaction in coarse worldly pleasures."

"Glory be to God, it would be lovely intirely to cillybrate the saint's day for each av the childhre, but, shure, who'd be thinkin' av looking at the callendhre the night afore to say: 'The morrow is Mike's Patthern or 'tis Stephen's Patthern or 'tis Johnnie's Patthern?'"

"Why couldn't you make that a part of the family evening devotion, to look at the calendar for tomorrow's feast and then read a few lines from Butler's Lives of the Saints, or have one of the children relate a story about the saint or the mystery that is to be commemorated? In that way you would get some high and noble thoughts to lift you up out of the mire of worldly things. You would have before you, as a model for every day, one of God's heroes, you would live in conformity with the Church's year, and keep in touch with her spirit, weeping with her when she weeps, rejoicing with her when she rejoices. You would bewail your sins during the Church's season of penance and be filled with happiness during her festivals of holy gladness. All this means work, 'tis true, but the work of bringing up your children for heaven is the one great work God gives you to do. It is your one great duty, and according to the way you fulfill or neglect it, the Eternal Judge will reward or condemn you."

"Arrah, Father Tim, I'll have himself write that down on this beautiful calenndhre."

"Truly a Lover"

A NEW VIEW OF THE LITTLE FLOWER

AUG. T. ZELLER, C.Ss.R.

Hardly any saint in the Church's long list has as quickly and so universally captured human hearts as Teresa of Lisieux. The very name "The Little Flower" is evidence of the place she has won in the affections of the faithful. In this her career has certainly been remarkable.

In a new book just published under the title: *Truly a Lover*, Father John Carr, C.Ss.R., has probably found the reason: All the world loves a lover.

Father Carr's purpose is to show that St. Therese was in the truest sense of the word "truly a lover" of God. What he means by this he tells in some splendid and eloquent paragraphs, that warm the heart while reading. After speaking of the ignorance in regard to the saints among those outside the fold, he continues:

"Even amongst the lesser children of the Church itself, are some who do not always read aright the heart of Sainthood; and so, when they hear of high deeds of love among Saints, they look half-askance at these lovers, as though they were loth to call them by that name, and as though it were only by some faint analogy that they could assume it. Such people seem to think that the Saint has torn the heart out of the man, and that this love of his for an invisible God must spring from another source, they scarce know what. They wonder if it really be with the same heart, which in themselves beats in answer to the heart of friend, of spouse, of sister or brother, of parent or child, that the Saint loves God. Faith indeed wards off the thought that in loving God the Saints loved an impersonal and visionary abstraction; but some of us may keep asking if their love for Him was the downright human love of their human heart."

Father Carr does not of course intend to reduce the whole of the Saint's love for God to an emotion or passion—such as it is only too often found to be among so-called "lovers" on earth. This is clear enough from his beautiful pages on the name "lover". The simple definition he implies shows this: "It is of the essence of all true love to seek the good of the loved one and to seek it at the sacrifice of self"

(p. 8) ; as also from his further statement (p. 14) : "And so the love they (the Saints) gave Him (God) was the love we give and get among ourselves, but white with a purity and aglow with an intensity that no love of ours has ever approached." Everything ignoble is to be excluded.

Nor does he mean to exclude from this love the supernatural elements—the infused virtue of charity, the gifts of the Holy Ghost, actual grace and special graces of the mystic. This is all to be understood.

But the point he means to make—and a very valuable point it is for practical life—is that grace does not destroy nature—that it does not supplant nature or in any way make our natural powers superfluous and useless; but on the contrary, that in our love of God we must use these natural powers of love—our hearts, that is, our wills. We have no other. The infused virtue of charity is not a heart with which to love—not a will—but, so to speak—an enlargement of our heart so that it can take in God.

In connection with this, he well insists that the God whom the Saints love—and whom we all can love—is a personal God—more a reality, more a person—than any friend or loved on one earth—even though not seen with our eyes.

But considering the relationship between the Saint and God, it will have the same essential characteristics as true love wherever found on earth: "It absorbs the thoughts, crowds out all other pictures from the fancy, makes the hand generous and quick to give. . . . counts not the cost of sacrifice. . . . is restless when not moving in the orbit of the presence that is loved."

All this is true and well worth noting. And Father Carr splendidly develops this in the life of St. Therese.

Another merit of the book is that it serves to remove a misconception that is liable to creep into our idea of the Saint—suggested by the very title: the "Little Flower" and by her references to "her little way". There must be no lowering of standards.

"Still less are we free to suppose," he writes, "that this littleness of hers has brought any essential change in the elements that go to the making of heroic holiness. From the casual utterances of some of her otherwise sincere admirers, as well as from many of her own words read apart from the facts of her life, one might gather what would be most certainly not true. Not rarely do we hear it said that the 'Little

Flower' was quite ordinary, and that she 'did nothing'. Though really intended as a compliment in its way, it is far removed from one, and, it is to be feared, is but too often the desire to minimize the demands of virtue, fathering the belief that such demands are not as imperative and as big, at least in our day, as we have been led to think."

"No," he continues; "Therese has not been sent into this world to give her blessing to mediocrity in the things of God. Her mission is not to adapt the Gospel to the dilettante spirituality of so many around us; to smooth away its roughness; to dilute the strong draught of its teaching; so to broaden the way of Christ that it ceases to be the narrow one; so to bestrew its paths with the flowers of pretty devotions and maudlin sentimentalities, that its thorns and its stones no longer wound the climbing feet. The truth is that the abounding graces of her personality and of her career tend at times to dress so neatly for our eyes the wounds inflicted by asceticism that we scarcely see them. But the wounds are there for all that, numerous and deep, though made with instruments unusually minute." She is a "Little Flower" indeed, but a "Passion Flower".

Father Carr, as we see, has written an essay on the "Little Flower", not a life. It is different from other books. It throws new light on her character. His book deserves to be widely known and read.

"Truly A Lover," by *Father John Carr, C.Ss.R.* Sands & Co., London.

HURRY AND HARRY

Garibaldi, the despoiler of the Popes, was wounded at one of his battles and a particle of the shell was thought to have remained in the wound. The English surgeon who examined him declared it did not. Garibaldi did not improve. Nelaton, a famous French surgeon, was called in. After a long, and to the General, probably very tedious examination, he located the piece of shell.

Nelaton's success may be accounted for by a principle, couched in paradoxical terms, on which he went:

"Don't let us hurry, gentlemen; we have no time to lose."

Things done in haste are generally poorly done and must be done over; things made in haste are frequently broken or ruined. Haste generally increases nervousness, causes impatience, hampers concentration; all these must be paid for in minutes wasted.

Sister William's Stray Sheep

"JUST FOR ONCE"

EDWARD A. MANGAN, C.Ss.R.

Sister William blessed the day she had "slanged" her class into loving her. Once she had won their love, the rest came as a logical consequence and now, late in April, these sixth grade children of St. Thomas' school, known for two years as the wildest children in the city, had developed into quite an orderly and respectful, in fact, almost a model class.

No one had envied Sister William when she had been taken from an Academy in Roland and had been assigned to the sixth grade at St. Thomas' school. This had happened during the week following Christmas, when Sister Imelda, the teacher up to that time, had broken down, under a nervous strain, the doctor said.

While Sister William was preparing for the new semester, she heard nothing but discouraging reports of her class to be. There seemed to be nothing but nerve-racking, thankless work ahead. But her heart had warmed with love for her future pupils when she had met them unexpectedly one day. She had been visiting Sister Imelda at the hospital when in came the class, the whole of it, sixteen girls and fourteen boys. And Harry Wallace had presented a bouquet of lovely American beauties in the name of the crowd.

After that, Sister William decided to put up with anything short of murder in order to win over this class. And for almost two weeks she did put up with anything and everything, studying each boy and girl in the meantime, with an earnest scrutiny, and slowly forming her campaign of reform.

Then came the day which marked the beginning of the change. Sister William never forgot that day, and it is likely the children never did either. This was the day Sister forgot herself and used every slang expression she could muster up. It had the unexpected result of winning the vast majority of those wild but loving hearts to an unwavering loyalty which perseveres, it is said, to the present day.

In some inexplicable way, the girls had obtained Sister's permission to "spring" a surprise party on the boys. On the Friday afternoon of the second week following the Christmas holidays, each girl

brought back a mysterious-looking package, and with much care and circumspection, each bundle was stowed away to await the time set for the glorious surprise party. But, oh horrors! two of the boys, no one ever knew just who they were, had noticed things and when the girls came into the cloak-room to fetch their surprises—lo, instead of golden oranges, they found only the peelings; instead of large squares of fudge, they found merely some dried crumbs; all the beautifully decorated cakes were gone—the feast had vanished and the bulging pockets and guilty faces of the boys as these bandits came in from the afternoon recess, told where the remains were.

Then was there weeping and wailing and lamentation, Mary and Martha and Helen, and Catherine and all the others weeping for their feast because it was not. Crying was the first stage. This developed into loud accusation and wordy abuse which in turn merged into open war, each girl trying to administer some kind of condign punishment to the boy nearest her. Sister William, taken by surprise, stood staring for the very shortest of intervals and then began the biggest surprise of the day. Rapping loudly on her desk, she succeeded in establishing sufficient order to be heard.

"You sappy Indians," she began, "you're all wet; don't you know enough to come in out of the rain?"

Never did speaker so completely electrify an audience. The children gasped, then sat in open-mouthed, rapt attention as she continued:

"This wild west show has to stop. I'm the big cheese here, and I want you all to savvy."

Grins, almost cheers of delight greeted this sentence. As Sister William warmed into her speech, she gained more and more the attention and love of the children so that they were ready for the practical conclusion when it came. It did come in the form of a compromise.

The boys and girls were to conduct themselves as such in the schoolroom and everywhere else. No boy was to be a member of the baseball team unless he came "up to snuff", and no girl was to represent the class on the basketball squad who was deficient in lessons or in conduct. Sister was to take a whole-hearted interest in every activity of the children; class loyalty, good conduct were to be watchwords, "For God and Country", the motto.

At the end of the speech the children spontaneously cheered their delight, their faces shone with the new-found love for their teacher;

some of the more boisterous, forgetting themselves, whistled loudly and shrilly.

Before they knew it, the Sister Superior was standing in the room, her face flushed, her whole attitude one of surprise and excitement.

"What is the trouble, Sister?" she asked of Sister William.

"Oh, nothing, Reverend Mother," she answered, "I have just been giving the children a little talk." She was hard pressed to control an impulse to laugh.

"Talk," snapped Mother, "it must have been of the Billy Sunday type." Then, turning to the children, she said, "If I hear any more noise like you made just now, I'll call Father Connell and have the offenders expelled; we do not want ruffians in this school." With this parting threat, she sailed majestically out of the room.

Love begets respect and obedience as Sister William soon learned. No class was ever so loyal to a teacher as this class began to be. Best of all, they began to love and respect one another and whereas the boys used to tease the girls and have tongues stuck out at them in return, now the boys of the sixth grade saw to it that no sixth grade girl was tantalized and the girls themselves began to be perfect ladies. All this for love of their teacher who, however, was all the time slowly but surely instilling sound principles into the minds of her pupils.

Never for a moment did Sister William forget her part of the compromise. She watched the ball games of her charges, encouraging them to become proficient players; often times, she even kept score for the boys just for a short time and it is said she even played jacks with the girls, instructed them in some fancy rope-jumping and took a lively interest in their efforts for the basketball honors of the school.

She was disappointed in one boy, the same Harry Wallace who had been elected to present the bouquet to Sister Imelda. He was a fine boy, honest, likeable, exceptionally capable both in studies and in sports; but he seemed to be lacking somewhat in the whole-souled co-operation which characterized the rest of the class. After long study, Sister William decided that his chief fault was his overruling pride with all its petty little attendants such as jealousy, meanness, selfishness.

There was nothing to be hoped for in the line of assistance from the parents of the boy. The fond mother boasted of her child's pride. "He's as proud as Lucifer," she would dotingly say and one wondered if the disease wasn't hereditary.

This pride hurt Harry's work and often endangered the class, for he was a natural leader. Whenever Sister tried to curb the pride, Harry seemed on the verge of open rebellion.

But with all this, things went along smoothly for several months. The time was drawing near for the annual ball game with the seventh grade boys. Sister William was wholly in sympathy with the earnest desire of her boys to win the game, a feat seldom achieved by a sixth grade team. Harry was to pitch and as a result had to be humored a little lest he would turn traitor in the midst of the game. Sister didn't want to let him pitch at first, but since she could not explain herself she did not voice any strenuous opposition.

Harry pitched and pitched well, allowing only four hits up till the seventh inning. Then his team mate, Jimmy Downs, knocked a home run with one on, putting his team well on the road to victory with a score of 3 to 1. This rather took some glory from Harry, and Sister trembled lest he resent it to the detriment of his team. She caught him in time. He deliberately walked the first boy and allowed the second to hit a single sending the first one to third base. Sister then called a halt and demanded of the captain, Tom Perkins, that he "jerk" Harry. Tom, himself the second pitcher, and a rival of Harry's in almost everything, hated to do it, but as Sister insisted, he complied with her wishes.

Harry came out, his face flaming with anger. He avoided Sister and went home thoroughly peeved.

Then began the gruelling fight. The very first ball pitched by Tom was met squarely and it sailed far and high into center field. Joe Larkin raced madly after it, made a wild jump and as he grabbed the ball, crashed against a fence. The left fielder was close, so he snatched the ball from Joe in time to hold the runner on first base. Joe was stunned but pluckily stayed in the game, receiving a wild cheer for his courage.

Things still looked bad. The score was now 3 to 2, one man out and one on first and the seventh grade boys were anxious to maul the offerings of the new pitcher. He settled down, however, and struck out the next batter. Next came Eddie Brown, the "Babe Ruth" of the seventh grade, but he was too anxious and lifted a high fly out to left.

Did the sixth grade boys realize Harry Wallace's treachery or

what was it that made them so savagely wallop the ball in that eighth inning? Whatever the stimulus, it was very effective for at the end of the eighth, the score stood 8 to 2. However, the seventh grade, mystified for two innings, came back strong in the ninth. Run after run dotted the plate until just as the tying one was threatening, Johnnie Morgan the first sacker, dove into the dirt for a hot grounder, fell on his face, and with the dust and blood blinding him, crawled to the bag to beat the runner by inches for the final out of the game.

There was wild rejoicing. Sister was as happy as her boys; but still, there remained Harry, the old problem, now more insoluble than ever. Would he return to school on the morrow? What to do?

He did return and was sulky and mean throughout the morning. Sister's patience was sorely tried; but she never wavered. The time came for practice for the commencement exercises. Harry had an important part in the little play to be given by his class; but Tom Perkins, his old rival, had a better part. Already this had caused trouble and now Sister feared the time for practice more than ever. When the bell rang, Harry refused to move. "I'm not going to sit next to ugly old Margaret Crowley," he said.

"Well, you just don't have to," snapped Margaret, and her really attractive face took on a terrible appearance as she stuck out her tongue at Harry. In a moment the whole class was in a hubbub, somewhat akin in nature to that of the memorable day of the surprise party. "Stop, children," said Sister William, "there will be no practise today."

That didn't remedy matters, however. The forty-five minutes remaining till lunch time dragged out slowly, miserably. Signs of unmistakable excitement stirred through the class. Sister could command no satisfying attention to anything she said. Sadly she thought of the months of hard work now seemingly fruitless. She never knew what restrained her from laying hold of Harry and shaking all the meanness out of him. She finally reached a decision to keep him in that evening and have Mother Superior and Father Connell decide on his case. Never did the children respond more heartily to the dismissal bell. After prayers had been said, they moved restlessly into line to be off and away. There were no smiling faces and pleasant good-byes today; all the children wore set expressions. Sister feared something terrible was going to happen.

In fact anyone who watched this class on that particular day would

have come to the conclusion that the scene was set for some serious event. As the line broke up in front of the school, several boys seized Harry Wallace and led him, ostensibly in a friendly manner, a little to the side. One could notice that every member of the sixth grade lingered long after all the other children, anxious to allay the pangs of hunger, had hurried off to their homes. When the coast was clear, the entire sixth grade filed slowly to the east side of the school into a vacant lot down on Harper street. The three boys still had Harry securely between them, evidently they didn't want him to escape.

Arrived at the place selected, securely hidden as they thought from all observers, the class stopped short and arranged themselves in a ring. Tom Perkins stepped into the middle and said:

"Harry, I'm going to lick you unless you promise to apologize to Sister, to Margaret Crowley and to the class."

For an answer, Tom received a telling blow over the left eye. Harry had been loosened and had walked up close. In an instant, both boys fell to hammering each other, Tom seemingly getting the worst of the exchange.

Boys and girls all urged him on, "Hit him, Tom, make him apologize to Sister; we want to help her; we want to work with her and he's spoiling it."

This seemed to add new strength to Tom's blows. He caught Harry's jaw with a terrific uppercut and Harry fell. Back he came, however, and the fight went on about evenly until Tom again floored Harry. This time he seemed tired and unwilling to continue the fight. All were surprised at this juncture to see Sister William hastening towards them. Now truly they were caught. What would she think of them?

"Children, children," she exclaimed, "whatever are you doing?" Then as she saw Harry just rising, she ran to him, "Oh, Harry, what's the matter? Boys, boys," she continued as she saw Tom and realized the meaning of it all, "you have been fighting, my boys fighting!"

"Sister," pleaded Tom, "please forgive us; we wanted to make Harry apologize for this morning. I guess it's bad to fight, Sister, but we did it for you; don't tell Father Connell, Sister."

Tears started involuntarily to Sister's eyes.

"For me," she thought, as she took hold gently of Harry's arm. "Yes, you did it for me; I only wish this one would join the crowd and partake of their spirit," but to Harry, she said aloud: "Are you

hurt, Harry?" Come on up to the school and let me bathe your face and the rest of you go on to your dinner."

"Oh, Sister," blurted out Harry, "don't take me up to school; I'm all right, Sister," he said impulsively as the crowd lingered, "I'm sorry I sassed you, I won't do it again; I'll be in the play and Margaret Crowley ain't ugly; she's pretty and I like her and I like all the boys and girls; I was just sore 'cause I was put out of the game; don't take me up to school, Sister, 'cause somebody will find out about the fight. You won't tell anybody, Sister, will you? We won't fight again."

This was too much for Sister. She just had to cry and she did. Controlling herself after a little while, however, she said: "God bless you, Harry. No, I shall not tell this time if you all promise never to fight again."

"We promise, Sister," they said.

"Now run off home; but Harry and Tom you better clean up before you get there."

"We will, Sister; you're a brick," said Tom, then he added, "Three cheers for Harry."

They were given with a will and as Harry and Tom walked off arm in arm, and the others scrambled quickly away, Sister William whispered:

"At last, my task is about finished. I think now his pride is broken; it was a wholesome lesson. I'm almost glad they fought. God forgive me." Then she said:

"Thank you, Lord; the one stray sheep has entered the fold."

Work for yourself. Don't do your best merely to please some boss or foreman or superintendent or manager. That's a hireling's trick. Do your best because you cannot afford to do less; because you owe it to your self-respect. Merit your own esteem and do your own fault-finding."—*Sewell Ford*.

"Not what we give, but what we share; for the gift without the giver is bare."—*James Russell Lowell*.

Preparation for the inevitable—death—does not necessarily detract from the joy of living.—Adapted.

The Student Abroad

AMALFI

J. W. BRENNAN, C.Ss.R.

"See Naples and die!" The Neapolitans proclaim it from the house-tops, the tourist agencies blazon it on their folders, the travelers pass it on from mouth to mouth, till the slogan of Naples has become a by-word all over the Continent and even in lands across the sea. If there is force in the saying and if it has the qualities of a good advertisement, then the easy-going, happy-go-lucky inhabitants of the stretch of coast reaching south from Naples towards the toe of the "boot", were they to adopt a similar shibboleth, could with full justification point to their chief city and say, "See Amalfi and live!"

For sheer unbroken stretches of beauty, varying with every turn in a road that is never, "well, hardly ever" straight; offering every type of attractiveness from jagged rocky fingers reaching up directly from the sea, to the little towns and country villages hidden in deep coves with the blue Mediterranean murmuring at their doors or in shadowy ravines with immense crags hovering ominously—or protectingly—over them; Amalfi takes its place among the select few most beautiful places in the world. Given a sunny day and a cool breeze to take away the heat of the sun and leave only its powerful light, and a carozza with a good horse and a vetturino who is not averse to talking, and for good measure an appreciative companion, and the traveler is due for an experience that will leave an indelible impression on his memory.

The beaten path to Amalfi—literally beaten to fine dust this year of years, leads south from Naples, following the coast, passing Sorrento, made famous for Americans by the noted writer F. M. Crawford, rising gradually into the cliffs, then turning swiftly into the coast city of Amalfi. Touring cars, carozzas, big charabancs daily race over the road, the result being the raising of an almost continuous "smoke-screen" of fine, gray dust from the hard pavement long unmoistened by rain. There have been travelers who have returned from that trip sadly disappointed, very dirty, much shaken up, and wondering what it was all about.

Fortunately circumstances forced us to vary our trip and instead of making Amalfi an incidental excursion from Naples, it became an im-

portant part of one continuous journey, beginning and ending with Naples, and taking in the points of greatest interest and importance in connection with the founding of the Redemptorist congregation. These we had come to visit primarily, but the additional sightseeing while en route added a very attractive and not unprofitable feature.

Leaving Pagani, where we had visited the tomb of St. Alphonsus, early in the morning, we took the trolley southwest through beautiful mountainous country to Vietri sul Mare. Farms with primitive machinery in evidence bordered the route and though the sun had just begun its work of scattering the night-mists, the industrious Italians were already hard at work. The early hours are precious, for towards noon the burning heat of the sun discourages severe effort. One of the most curious contrivances seen on this part of the trip was a one-horse power pumping station. A sort of endless chain bucket system leading from an old well bordered by an old stone wall, operated by crude gears attached to a long wooden shaft which was kept in motion by a horse walking continually around the well. Over the well and the horse, generally there was a flimsy wooden roof for protection from the sun and the weather. A fare-thee-well slap on the back with a whip sets the horse in motion on his circular way; the owner goes off to regulate the flow of the water through the little trenches that lead it to various parts of the field—and the horse, to all appearances, seems set to go on, like Tennyson's brook—forever.

The little trolley bumped along at a not too exhilarating speed, following for the most part the level of a valley that stretched between two more or less parallel ranges of mountains. And there was plenty of evidence that commuting is not limited to America. The Italians too, find it cheaper and better, when possible, to work in the big cities and live in the country. The cost of transportation is very small and the food and air in the country more than make up the difference, especially when the place in the country happens to be home. But when we mention valley, and level areas, we do not refer to flat prairies such as we have in the States. It varied in width from about ten miles to one, and at times the trolley line led along the edge of a ravine bordered by sharply sloped and quite lofty mountains. Scattered through the entire extent were a number of little villages, always irregular and straggling in arrangement, following the formation of the area in which they were located; these the conductor told us all belonged to

one municipality, the city of Cava. A rather interesting way of having economy in local government. However, conditions in this region change so slowly, needs are so uniform and wants apparently so few, the people so peaceful and so easily satisfied, it is hard to imagine any government functioning as we have local government functioning in the States. There seems to be little room for election issues as we know them.

The central town of Cava is extensive and very modern in appearance. It is the home of a number of influential men who have some fine estates there as well as the business center of the district. Leaving the city behind, the trolley heads straight for the sea. A number of stops are made at side-tracks to permit cars going in the opposite direction to pass. This was the occasion of an interesting experience. A crafty carozza-driver, who had evidently lately come to Cava with passengers and was seeking business for the return trip, noticed that there were strangers in the car. Driving up to the open window, he began negotiations. Repeated refusals fell on willfully deaf ears. He next accosted one of the party who had gone to the rear platform to take some pictures. He offered special "bargains", suggested the attractiveness of the trip he proposed. Meanwhile the trolley had started. The horse kept pace with the car for a while, and the man kept pace with his offers. The car picked up speed for a while, and the negotiations ended. Soon another waiting-place came in sight and the car stopped again. In a few minutes the driver and his outfit arrived and the same ceremony was repeated. His business bump prompted him to make his proposals as urgently as though he had never heard a refusal before. As a matter of fact, the offer would have been profitable for both parties as it usually is under such circumstances, but the project did not fit in with our plans, so he finally gave up. Sometimes these lads are interesting; sometimes they are a nuisance. But they are perseverance personified.

The nature and quality of the vehicle one uses in Italy depends much on the nature of the country to be visited. At Vietri by the sea, we left the car which proceeded on to Salerno, selected a carozza with a good horse, went through the usual process of bargaining, and finally set out along the coast for Amalfi.

The road led north to Amalfi, consequently it was comparatively free from the traffic, automobiles and the like, coming south from

Naples. And carrozzas travel at such a slow pace, there is no question of one attempting to pass the other, no crowding to the curb; no choking clouds of dust; no thrilling "close shaves". A clear, cool day; the sea calm in spite of the breeze; the mountains and sharply outlined crags festooned with late-summer green; the brightly colored houses in the occasional villages along the shore and in the valleys; truly a setting for an adventure never to be forgotten.

Along this section of the coast, the mountains rise more or less abruptly from the sea. The fine carriage road, which it took more than fifty years to complete, seems to hang suspended from the sheer, scarred face of the rock. Following closely every little indentation in the coast-line, crossing ravines on stone bridges, when they recede too far from the shore, seeking always a favorable grade for the continuous ascent, the road is a triumph of artistry as well as of engineering. One of its convenient features, is the frequent occurrence of balcony-shaped sections, allowing large automobiles to turn aside from the traffic, either to permit a leisurely survey of the scenery or to make repairs, or even at times to allow others in a hurry to pass.

From the outset of the journey the panorama was enchanting. To the rear and reaching far out to sea were southern headlands of the Gulf of Salerno; nearer but still bathed in a thin bluish veil of morning mist lay the city of Salerno with Vietri, the town we had just left, next in order. Out at sea, a lonely steamer was speeding along the coast towards Naples. Ahead, the road disappeared around a promontory, only to re-appear in the near distance, rounding another point, and still farther on again, but higher up, it could be seen fringing still another cape. It was easily distinguishable against the deep green background, like a thin white line drawn with a fine pen across a painting. To the right and stretching ahead over points and capes and cliffs till their cloud capped summits were lost in the blue distance, the mountains opened to view new and ever more beautiful vistas. Sometimes the scarred peaks, like gnarled trunks of old oaks, stood sharply outlined against the deep, blue sky; sometimes the rugged faces of the hills were lined with walled terraces supporting vineyards, row on row, from the roadway almost to the summit. At other times, a short and sudden bend in the road would lead away from the sea, bringing into view an idyllic valley stretching far back out of sight, its mass of green verdure broken by an occasional rustic bridge of stone or a brightly

colored house, clinging perseveringly but rather precariously to the steep slope. Front entrances to homes often consisted of a long, winding series of rough stone steps, leading from the road up a sharp hill to a small landing just before a simple door. And judging from the lofty position of many of the houses, one would be led to suppose that the motto of the locality has been for ages, "Excelsior". Literally, the sky seems to be the limit.

In the little stretches of sandy beach marking the entrance to such valleys, often there would be a group of fishing boats gathered together, well up out of reach of the sea in case the Mediterranean should suddenly change its humor. Barefoot fisherfolk, so browned by the sun that they looked like Arabs, hurried about, repairing rigging or arranging the nets to dry and to add an extra dash of color to the picture there were the women of the place in their kerchief head-dresses of every possible hue. Once we saw a yellow mass of something or other spread out on a cloth in the sun. The driver told us it was spaghetti placed out to dry.

Rounding the last high cliff that admitted a view of Salerno a striking view of both the route we had traversed and the road we were to travel, the latter especially offering something new in the way of the picturesque. A large, deep blue bay reaching far inland and bounded by a wall of mountains with little splashes of color marking the position of small towns in the intervening valleys, stretched almost to the horizon; the farthestmost point being our destination, the outskirts of Amalfi. Off the distant shore, the dim outlines of graceful Capri could just be discerned through the mist that still shrouded it. The road began to descend here, working down gradually as it wound in and out of smaller bays and over deep ravines, till in the middle of the bay it was at shore-level. Each new turn, however, brought its special surprise. Once it was the sight of a three-story house built into the hollow of a gigantic overhanging precipice. As usual, the stairs to the upper stories were located on the outside; the entire structure being built of brick covered with a thick layer of the hard and very durable plaster common to Italy. Another time, it was the wierd, lonesome tones of a flageolet, floating over the water that caused curiosity to advance a point or two. The driver explained that there was an old veteran located in a lonely spot around the bend, who earned his livelihood by playing for tourists. Sure enough, another wonder-producing

turn in the road brought the unique entertainer into view. In a little shelter built into the mountain side of the road, he had taken up his quarters, and poor little quarters they were. Nearby a spring poured its cool waters continuously into a stone basin. Back of the basin, a row of fine big lemons did their best to entice the traveler and usually with success. But the feature was the little, old fellow himself, perched on his chair, his crutches (home-made and very crude) by his side, and his reed instrument in his hands.

Not a soul in sight, not a sound to disturb the music but the murmur of the Mediterranean below and the sigh of the breeze through the shrubbery and trees on the slope. And the sun splashing down in a cataract of molten gold. It would have to be a blasé traveler indeed who could resist the peculiar charm and refuse to arrest his steps at least for a moment. And pausing, who could fail to offer the brave old man (brave because he has refused to be a paltry beggar) a coin and demand another selection. And listening, who could fail to wake up to the fact that the day was very warm, and the sun an incentive to thirst, and cool water with lemons near at hand? So while the old man played an aria from an opera (we asked for the Star Spangled Banner but he could not "recall" it), we drank his health and prosperity in brimming lemonade. As we drove on, the plaintive tones of his music followed us clear around the next curve—his *au revoir*.

An interesting side feature of this and other similar trips was the conversation of the driver. Most of them are independent drivers, and their horse represents their principal wealth; it is at once capital in hand and investment. And more it is usually the family pet. The drivers make a great show of using the whip, especially in Naples where the almost continuous snapping and cracking of the lashes seems like a Fourth of July celebration; but it is seldom indeed that the animal feels more than a slight touch. After extolling the good points of his horse, the driver is ready to give you his ideas on the economic conditions of post-war days, the trend of European policies, the past war and whatever else you care to discuss. Of the drivers we had, all seemed to agree strikingly in regard to the war. "Never again," is their fervent assertion. "All I want," one remarked, and his remark may be taken as typical, "is to work to eat and have my family eat and to have my children get an education." The fortunate thing for them is that they have work, even though it does not bring a fortune. And

further, that their national dish, spaghetti, is both very nutritious and cheap.

Picture follows picture in quick succession along this superb drive, each seeming to excel the other in variety and beauty. But perhaps the most charming picture came when rounding a point toward the towns of Majora and Minora. For a fleeting moment, the panorama took in a narrow ledge crowned by a ruined fortress or castle at the water-edge, this in the foreground; then beyond, the two towns stretching from the white line of beach back and upward into declivities in the hills; out in the bay, a modern steamer riding at anchor, and in the background, the rugged coast, terraced mountain-sides and the usual jagged ridges that seemed to pierce the clouds. Lighters were unloading the cargo from the ocean steamer and barefooted longshoremen were dashing to and fro carrying their burdens on their heads, or tossing them from one to the other. Farther out, two fishing boats were at work with their nets. The driver grew eloquent at sight of them and we received a full, detailed account of their best hauls for the season.

It seemed strange to be listening to an old-fashioned fish story in the vicinity of romantic Amalfi, but it showed the truth of Shakespeare's saying that "one touch of nature makes all men kin." Would that the enthusiastic Isaac Waltons of the Minnesota lakes or the Wisconsin trout streams could hear the marvelous yarns the driver told us. No doubt they were true—enthusiastic fishermen, like their cousins in sport, the golf enthusiasts, never tell fibs.

A final ascent to the brink of a cliff, a final short curve around its almost sheer edge, a final gay trot downward into the main thoroughfare and we were in Amalfi; tired, hot, hungry as wolves from the sea air and the breeze and the sun, but thoroughly delighted with what we had seen. Nor were the surprises over.

A little distance back from the sea-drive, somewhat elevated on the side of one of the mountains that shelter Amalfi, deep-set in a background of green shrub and gray mountain-crag, stood the beautiful Cathedral. A long, and very graceful because sweepingly broad stone staircase leads from the city square to the portico before the entrance and at the same time, prevents the destruction of the approach by encroaching buildings. From all sides, it makes a striking picture with its Norman Gothic portico, its clean cut pillars, its harmonious

lines and its magnificent masterpiece of mosaic crowning the facade. Near by, the graceful campanile seems in the clear atmosphere, to have been carved out of the sky. The afternoon sun strikes the building at the most favorable angle and even the shadows in the arches and the windows become things of beauty while every little particle in the mosaic seems to be throwing forth its own particular gleam.

In a chapel in the crypt, the skull of the Apostle St. Matthew, is venerated. While this relic was being shown to us, the priest noticed our habits and saw that we were Redemptorists. At once, a smile lit up his face. "Ah, sons of Saint Alphonsus!" he exclaimed. "St. Alphonsus preached here many a time." He then brought us to the Madonna, which was the scene of a miracle one time when the Saint was giving a mission here. Anecdotes similar to this and incidents connected with the Saint's life and labors are still so vividly recalled, that it seems as though they took place but yesterday.

A remarkable feature of this beautiful statue of our Blessed Mother and the Infant, a feature it has in common with other statues of the Madonna we had seen in this vicinity, was that the Blessed Virgin and the Divine Child were represented with auburn hair.

Leaving Amalfi by the same road on which we had entered, we turned abruptly near the city limits, turned inland and began the ascent to Scala. A ravine extends from the city itself fully two or three miles straight inland; perhaps it is even more, for distances are hard to estimate here. On either side, the mountains rise abruptly, leaving only occasional ledges and little valleys for the homes of the hardy farmers who force the rocky soil to give them a living. The road we followed was so torturous and turned back on itself so often that it took more than two hours to make the ascent even with a horse. Often the different sections of the road are so close together that stone steps are provided for a pedestrian to make a short cut, and it really is a shortening; sometimes the walker can by climbing a dozen steps to the next lap of the road, cut out a circuit of a quarter of a mile. The space intervening between the two ranges of hills, seems in the afternoon sun—here practically semi-twilight in the depths of the valley—to be filled with a sea of shadows, while on the opposite ridge, the skyline is broken by an interesting succession of woods, cragged peaks, houses, with an occasional, lonely old ruined tower, castle-shaped, to give a romantic and mediaeval touch. Below, a stream tumbles on rocks and through

gorges of its own making. All that is required is a lake and a trumpeter over somewhere in the distant fastnesses and one could see re-enacted the scenes of Tennyson's famous poem. For the long evening light shakes through crags and trees and brambles, and aloft, staring windows and ruined walls of a castle old in story wait for the silvery echoes to strike and fall in shattered fragments of melody into the valley. But all is silent. And to destroy the illusion, a tourists' automobile dashes through the scene, throwing clouds of dust in all directions and awaking the stillness with its blatant horn.

Ahead, against the sky, the outlines of a town can be seen. It is Scala, the scene of the founding of the Redemptorist order. Our road winds finally around the extreme end of the valley bringing up in the little line of homes, facing on the road which here becomes the single street of the town. To the left, the massive Cathedral with its accompanying buildings flanks the single little piazza or public square; to the right, the walls and simple entrance of the convent of the Redemptoristine nuns; at present the sole guardians of the hallowed place.

In the street as we arrive, the children stand around open-eyed watching the new arrivals. And back of them, within the shadows of doorways, their parents no less curious are also looking on with equal interest. The coming of visitors to this out of the way place is an event.

Not far from the Cathedral and somewhat down the hillside from the road a little chapel shelters the grotto where St. Alphonsus meditated and prayed while planning the foundation of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. Closely connected with the grotto in historical interest is the chapel of the Redemptoristines, the cloistered order of nuns founded by the Saint to aid the work of the Redemptorist missions by their prayers and sacrifices. In the sanctuary, close to the high altar, there is an inscription marking the place where St. Alphonsus first received the revelation to proceed with his work of founding the order.

It was an ideal spot for the silence and recollection so necessary for the Saint in those difficult days. Far away through the ravine, a triangular patch of sea is clearly seen. Through the windings of the valley, the road we had traversed wound back and forth like a ribbon of silver in a cushion of deep, green velvet. Above, the opposite ridge was crowned by the beautiful town of Ravello; beyond that the hazy

peaks of other ridges of mountains rose and fell, the farthest heights so dim in the mist that they seemed to blend with the sky. Scattered here and there throughout the panorama, solitary houses could be seen. Here one can realize what was in St. Alphonsus' mind when he instituted the special vow his followers were to take—"to labor especially for those who live in country places."

It seemed like heaven when the morning sun broke over the distant mountains and showered its gold within the shadowy grotto; it seemed like heaven too, when the same morning splendor poured into the nuns' chapel upon the altar prepared for mass while the cloistered voices were raised in the morning prayer of the Church. It seemed like leaving heaven a few hours later, when we descended the steep ravine on foot, passing through the beautiful places we had viewed the previous day from above. Down and down the old stone stairway led, over rough boulders, around sharp curves, beneath overhanging cliffs, beside the little stream that sings the day long as it tumbles through the shadows and over the smooth, well-worn rocks; past an old building that seemed to serve as a mill, over a stone, rustic bridge, ever downwards till the path became a very narrow city-street leading between buildings that were connected by a sort of bridge at the second story, thus forming a semblance of a tunnel; down more steps in the semi-dusk then suddenly out into the city and the breeze of the sea.

You can read the history of the place and the travelers' impressions of it in books; you can see faint snatches of it translated by brush and pen into vivid canvases; but the reality defies dictionary and palette, for Amalfi and Scala are masterpieces from the hand of God.

Between 1900 and 1925 the number of Catholic parochial schools in the United States increased 85 per cent and there was an increase of more than 200 per cent in the number of pupils enrolled. Today there are approximately 7000 parochial schools in operation in which over 2,000,000 pupils are enrolled and 50,000 religious and 3,000 lay teachers employed. If all these children were forced to go to public schools it would cost the state \$112,000,000 to care for them and the buildings required to house them would cost \$500,000,000.

Enrollment in Catholic secondary schools in the last ten years increased 116 per cent and in the last ten years it has progressed at the rate of approximately 10 per cent a year. Today there are over 2,000 Catholic secondary schools manned by over 10,000 religious and 1,500 lay teachers.

The Maid of Orleans

XI. BEFORE THE DAUPHIN

AUG. T. ZELLER, C.Ss.R.

At last Joan was accorded an audience with the Dauphin. It was evening when she was brought to the palace. The royal court was assembled, filled rather with curiosity than with confidence. In fact, many still thought her the victim of an illusion or even of some evil spirit. The haughty courtiers rather resented all this ado about the peasant girl.

The Dauphin was dressed as an ordinary courtier—in fact, was not at all in the reception room. Beside the vacant throne stood the Duke of Clermont, clad like a king. Louis of Bourbon, Count of Vendome, led Joan into the brilliantly lighted hall, up to the throne.

"Behold the king," he said, making his obeisance. The Duke at the same time advanced as if to receive her homage. Joan was not deceived.

"This is not the king," she said.

They pointed out to her another Duke.

"No," she said, "not he either."

At that moment someone entered the hall clad like an ordinary courtier. Joan turned and at the sight of the man, at once hurried to meet him, knelt on one knee before him and said: "God grant you good life, Noble Prince!"

"I am not the king," said the man.

"In the name of God," exclaimed the girl, "it is you and no other! I am sent from the King of Heaven. If you will listen to my message, you shall recover your kingdom and drive the English out of France."

"What is your message?" asked the king—for it was he—almost scornfully.

"God commands that you send me to raise the siege of Orleans and then I shall lead you to Rheims to be anointed and receive the crown; you shall be the lieutenant of the King of Heaven who is the king of France."

The Dauphin's incredulity was written plainly on his face. Joan saw it and insisted: "Utilize me, Noble Sire, and the land will shortly be relieved of its miseries. Yes, the siege of Orleans will be broken and you shall be crowned at Rheims. Do not doubt."

"How can you ask me not to doubt," the king replied, "as long as you give me no proof of the truth of your message and promises?"

"I have a proof. If you will give me a chance to speak to you alone I will give you God's answer to the prayers you made to Him in evil days."

Charles hesitated. But drawing the girl aside, he ordered all the courtiers, who had crowded round curiously, to fall back so he could speak to Joan unheard.

"Tell me now," he said, "your message."

"My Lord," said Joan, "you are the true heir of France and the King's son."

Charles started, surprised. But, to try the Maid, he feigned not to understand her. Joan continued, revealing some of the King's secret actions and sentiments:

"Do you remember the sad night when, struck by one blow after another, you sought oblivion of all your troubles in sleep? Then you turned to God, and kneeling by your bed, you prayed: 'O God, if only I were sure that I had right on my side in this war!' And the following morning, in your private chapel, without pronouncing a word, in the depths of your heart, you renewed your petition: 'If I am truly the rightful heir of France, keep it in my power and defend it! If I do not merit this aid, at least let me escape with my life to some friends in Spain or Scotland.'"

Joan's face was now lifted and a strange light played upon her features. She was looking at her Saints who were apparently dictating what she would say. At the sight of the King, whose pale face glowed with excitement and that of the Maid as in a trance, the courtiers began to crowd round again. The King restrained them.

"Speak," he said breathlessly to Joan, "and finish your message."

"Sire," she resumed, "you remember last All Saint's Day, while at Loches, you were in your place in chapel and you made three requests of God?"

"I remember," replied the King.

"Noble Prince, if I reveal to you those three secret requests you then made, will you believe that I am sent of God?"

"Yes," said the Dauphin, at last overcome by the evidence.

"Sire," resumed Joan, "this was your first prayer: 'If I am not the

rightful heir take from me the courage to pursue this war and let not this country be further desolated.'

"Your second was: 'If the evils now afflicting France are due to my sins, pardon my people and let me alone be punished.'

"Your third was: 'If these misfortunes are due to the sins of my people, pardon them and free this land from its sorrows.'"

The Dauphin was, for the time being at least, completely convinced. His face showed his satisfaction. Joan, under the influence of her Voices, went on:

"Yes, God shows the patience you showed under these tribulations. He has heard your prayers and it is He who sends me to you. I am only a poor village girl, but He has deigned to send me, St. Michael, St. Catherine and St. Margaret, with the angels of heaven, to assist and enlighten me."

"What am I to do?" asked the Dauphin.

"Noble Sire," replied Joan, "give me munitions and troops. Have confidence; I shall know how to use them; for it has pleased God to restore your kingdom by means of a simple girl."

"May the will of God be fulfilled!" exclaimed Charles fervently. Then turning to his courtiers and counsellors, he said:

"This girl has been sent by heaven to aid me." The courtiers showed some resentment, and the King, with his characteristic vacillation, added: "We can interrogate her at greater length later on." Charles apparently could never decide anything.

XII. ENDLESS INTERROGATIONS.

Joan was in consequence brought to Coudray, under the care of a good woman, to be further interrogated. Charles came to see her several times, with the Duke of Alencon and the Duke of La Tremoille. The former became an enthusiastic follower of the Maid and remained true to her in her later campaigns; the latter, always suspicious and hostile to Joan, advised a formal inquiry into her character and claims.

This was undergone by the girl, before several ecclesiastics and theologians of repute. Among other things, Joan at this examination prophesied:

"I shall be wounded under the walls of Orleans, but not fatally, and I shall lead the King to be crowned at Rheims."

Though this examination proved entirely favorable to Joan, she was submitted to another at Poitiers.

This examination was presided over by Regnault de Chartres, the Archbishop of Rheims, and was assisted at by several professors of the University of Paris. The interrogatory was conducted with all rigor and would have confused and confounded any ordinary person. Joan's answers, however, always plain, direct, confident, and mingled with prophecies, never confused or contradictory, finally convinced all.

"Why have you come?" they asked.

"I was sent by God to the Dauphin."

"Why do you call him Dauphin, when he is King?"

"He has not yet been crowned at Rheims."

"Rheims!" they cried. "Impossible! Orleans is about to fall; no city or village between here and Rheims acknowledges the King!"

"No matter! God with the simplest and meanest tools can accomplish this miracle. Orleans will be delivered; Rheims too, and the King will be crowned there; Charles will re-enter Paris and the city will return to his allegiance; the Duke of Orleans (then in an English prison) will return; the English will be driven from French soil." The prophecies astonished them.

"The Scriptures forbid us to believe such prophecies unless you prove them by miracles."

"I do not wish to tempt God. Their fulfilment will be miracle enough."

"If God wishes to deliver France from its misfortunes, He does not need armies," they objected.

"The army will fight in the name of God and He will give the victory."

"Why did you don men's clothes?"

"Because I must live among men and do a man's work; my Voices tell me I shall be safest so."

But what struck them more than the wisdom of her answers was the fact that through it all her piety, kindness to the poor, humility, fervor in reception of the Sacraments and modesty were simply remarkable.

Sometimes her answers show her native humor and straightforwardness which I believe, serve to demonstrate her balance of mind.

As when one of the Judges, who spoke a Limousin dialect, asked her:

"What language do your Voices speak?"

"A better French," answered Joan, "than yours."

It must have been a situation most trying for Joan while she was held at Poitiers pending these examinations. Women came to see her in great crowds, drawn by natural curiosity or sympathy. She spoke to all with her ingenuous simplicity, answered their questions with imperturbable kindness and patience and spoke so fervently that many were moved to tears. It was clear that one thing disconcerted them—Joan's dress.

"Why did you put on men's dress?"

"I understand," replied the girl, over and over again, "that my action seems strange to you and there is reason for you to be astonished. But you must see that I am going to do a soldier's work and it is indispensable for me to wear a soldier's garb. Besides, the men with whom I shall be thrown in will forget my sex and it appears to me, I shall better be able to guard my purity of body and soul."

They asked the woman in whose house Joan was lodged about her morals and manners. Her answer was:

"The girl is a model of innocence and piety and every virtue. She eats very little, gives much to the poor, goes to her room where she spends much time in prayer, and even at night, she rises from sleep to kneel by her couch. Her greatest happiness seems to be to go to the Church; you know yourselves, because you see her, how devout she is there."

Of course, the promises she had made to the King were noised abroad and in astonishment, these good women said to Joan:

"Joan, you promise the King to bring provisions into the city of Orleans. But, surrounded as it is by English troops and fortifications, this is utterly impossible."

This—doubt of God's work—was the only thing that seemed to rouse the girl to any kind of impatience.

"In the name of God," she would reply, "we shall bring provisions into the city easily and not an Englishman will make an attempt to prevent it."

XIII. RESULT OF THE INTERROGATIONS.

All this time Joan kept urging the King to come to a decision—to put an end to these interminable interrogations and let her to work out God's designs.

At length he decided. The official court of inquiry drew up a

document, signed by all the examiners, in which they set forth their official opinion of the Maid, her life, birth, words, manners, and message. It was practically a panegyric.

"Though she has been interrogated," says the document, "by ecclesiastics as well as civilians, by devout people and soldiers, by men and women, though she has spoken publicly and privately to all sorts of people, though she has been observed for six weeks (during which the examinations lasted) practically day and night, we find in her nothing but charity, humility, purity, modesty, honesty, simplicity, and true piety."

As to her message they declared:

"The King, therefore, having awaited the probation of the Maid in as far as possible, and no evil having been found in her, and considering her request which is to demonstrate her heavenly message before Orleans. . . . ought not to hinder her from going to Orleans with the troops, but ought to have her brought thither, trusting in God. For to cast suspicion on her now, or to abandon her, would be to reject the Holy Spirit and render himself unworthy of the help of God."

Some points ought to be noted in connection with this decision.

First of all—though we feel some natural indignation at the interminable interrogations to which she was subjected, it seems providential, considering that, later on, a court presumably official, condemned her as a heretic and a witch. Here we have evidence gathered after long, searching, unbiased investigation ending in her complete praise and in the recognition of the supernaturalness of her message, as far as human prudence could decide.

Secondly, it must be noted that this judgment was passed by an official ecclesiastical court and is the only judgment passed upon her by legitimate church authorities.

Thirdly, it was exactly the reverse of the terrible judgment and sentence later to be passed by her enemies under the leadership of Cauchon.

When the examinations were concluded Joan said to the Judges:

"Have you paper here?"

"Yes," they replied.

"Then," continued Joan, "write what I dictate. And you Classidas and La Poul will take it to England." She dictated a letter whose contents she said she had received from her Voices, calling upon the

English to surrender or withdraw from French soil to avoid bloodshed; and in case they did not, foretelling their complete overthrow.

The decision having been given by the court, Joan rejoiced that at last she could proceed to carry out her message. She now set about gathering her accoutrement.

(To be Continued.)

At the Front

MISSION WORK AMONG THE MEXICANS

A MISSIONARY

On April 5, last, the Rt. Rev. Arthur J. Drossaerts, D.D., Bishop of San Antonio, laid the corner-stone of the new St. Alphonsus Church, Zarzamora and Chihuahua Streets.

The ground on which the new building is erected was donated by Mr. Charles Graebner of this city.

This ceremony formed one more link in the long chain of the accomplishments of the Redemptorist Fathers of the St. Louis Province since the date of their formal taking over of the Mexican work in Texas, June 21, 1921; a work that has been blessed with most gratifying results.

EXTENSIVE MISSION FIELD.

At present time, the Redemptorists are in charge of Westhoff, Nixon, Lavernia, Piscoso, Greytown, Canada Verde, Elmendorf, Sas-pamco, New Berlin, Seguin, Martinez, Southton, the old missions of San Juan, San Jose, and Espada, as also of Our Lady of Perpetual Help Church, San Antonio, to which is now added the large district of the new parish of St. Alphonsus, embracing 691 families in the western portion of the city. The aggregate number of souls under the care of the Redemptorists at the present time in San Antonio and Mission stations totals over 17,000, distributed over a territorial expanse of some 7000 square miles. The overwhelming majority of these people are of Mexican extraction, there being but a few Americans scattered through the various mission stations.

Each priest has a number of stations assigned to him, and is held responsible for the spiritual well-being of the souls committed to his care. At this writing there are eight priests and two lay brothers, with headquarters at Our Lady of Perpetual Help Church,

CHURCHES ERECTED.

The Church of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, San Antonio, was recently improved and artistically decorated at a cost of \$3,500. The school was renovated at a cost of \$2,000. Yet here the Fathers are still laboring at a great disadvantage on account of the lack of a hall suitable for the purposes of the parish. The school rooms have to be used for entertainments whenever these are not held in the open which cannot be conveniently done very often because of dust, wind, rain, heat, or cold. As entertainments constitute one of the best means for raising funds, every effort is being directed toward the erection of a building suitable for the purpose indicated, within the course of the coming year.

The old church at Greytown, where a priest and a community of Sisters lived more than eighty years ago, has been entirely renovated at a cost of \$350. At Saspamco, a beautiful new church—Our Lady of Perpetual Help—was dedicated by Bishop Drossaerts several weeks ago. This building is of stucco, 30 by 60 feet, and seats 350 people. It cost \$6,000 and is equipped with two small sacristies and two good-sized living-rooms for the accommodation of priests on Saturday nights, or at other times, if needed.

The Church of St. Anthony at Elmendorf was in a tumble-down condition that required three thousand dollars to repair, finish the interior, and install new altar and pews. Still another Church—St. Anne's is under construction at Southton, which when completed will have cost \$4,000. This church, built by day labor, is 22 by 48 feet in size, seats 200, has a sacristy, and a living-room for the accommodation of the priest in charge.

The churches of New Berlin and Lavernia have also been renovated, and the old Mission San Juan Capistrano has been painted and decorated inside. The Redemptorist have also in contemplation the erection of three additional mission churches during the next twelve to eighteen months. Their latest purchase is that of a brick building in Seguin, at a cost of \$5500 which was converted into a school last September.

ST. ALPHONSUS CHURCH.

The new Church of St. Alphonsus referred to in the first paragraph of the article, measures 48 by 110 feet, has a seating capacity of about

540, and will cost about \$30,000 when finished. The building is of tile and brick. A. W. Fuessel was in charge of construction.

CATECHISM CLASSES.

Quite a novel idea was introduced by the Fathers some three years ago in the teaching of Catechism in the private houses of Mexicans who live at some distance from the Church. Every evening after school, the Holy Ghost Sisters, four in number, with two Fathers, hold catechism classes in different parts of the parish of Our Lady of Perpetual Help. The reason of this is, because there are very many children who live too far from the church to come for Christian doctrine after school. School is not let out in many places before four and it would be five and later before they could reach the church, and then ten would come and fifty would remain away, as is well known to those devoted to this work. For the past three years this manner of imparting knowledge of God to the children has been followed, so that there is not a child, big or small, who is not given an opportunity of instruction. The ages of those attending these classes range from six years to twenty-three.

There are four different sections of the parish where the Sisters and Fathers go for these classes on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays. On Fridays they go to Martinez, while on Saturdays and Sundays, an effort is made to have all the children come to church. Every day in the week the Fathers go to their stations, such as Elmen-dorf, Saspamco, Greytown, Canada Verde, Southton and the old Missions to teach catechism after school, and remain to say the Rosary with the people at night, who come to this devotion in large numbers, the love of the Mexican for the Rosary being very great. The Fathers assert that they owe the success of these catechism classes to the Sisters of the Holy Ghost, who from the hour they come to the eight o'clock mass with the children of the school until six in the evening, are engaged heart and soul in the instruction of these little ones. May God reward their zeal! When a child has made its first Communion, after the whole catechism has been covered, it is placed in the Bible History class, also conducted at these places. In this way, the Sisters have been able to hold many children who received their first communion three years ago.

THE ARCHCONFRATERNITY.

Last year, the Archconfraternity of Our Lady of Perpetual Help

was formed in order to foster frequent Communion. The association has been formally attached to the Archconfraternity in Rome, with the permission of the Bishop of the diocese and the Superior General of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, thus participating in all the privileges of this pious society. The method of conducting this society is thoroughly in keeping with the conditions, so as to produce the best results.

A Prefect is appointed by the Father in charge. He or she has as many to take care of as can be done reasonably. On the night following the general Communion Sunday, the prefects hold a special meeting. From their books they read the names of those who did not come. A mark is placed after each name in a book kept by the director, who has all the names of the members, and thus knows who is receiving each month. The prefect is responsible for any falling-off of the members and must visit the family or person to see why the rule is not kept. Thus a lay apostolate is established, which is productive of much good. If the prefects or their associates are wanting in their duty, the badge is taken from them and their names removed from the role. As no one wants this humiliation, the results have been very pleasing. New members are received on the day of the general Communion, and the renewal of the Act of Aggregation is made by all in common. At the present time, there are some two hundred and fifty Communions on this Sunday where formerly there were thirty or forty. This same system is followed in all the stations. About 800 are members at the present time, and the numbers are rapidly increasing. The Mexican people have a wonderful devotion to Our Lady of Perpetual Help. When the saintly "Padre Juan" Muehlsieppen, who began the parish of Our Lady of Perpetual Help in 1914, had to give up the work a few years later, and because of sickness is now held a martyr of patience in his bed at Santa Rosa, he little thought that his confreres would by now have developed the work of his heart to so great an extent. He prayed and pleaded that the day would return when the Redemptorists would be able to formally take up the work he had begun; now that day is here, and fruits are being produced a thousand fold.—"God is wonderful in His works."

"A thing is worth precisely what it can do for you, not what you choose to pay for it."—*John Ruskin*.

Catholic Anecdotes

MY INTERPRETER

The celebrated French physician, Dr. Recamier, was wont to say his rosary to obtain for his clients health of body and soul. One day, when he drew his rosary from his pocket, forgetful of the people near him, he saw the looks of astonishment on their faces. Turning to them, he said:

"Why yes, I say my beads. When I am anxious about some patients, when I feel that my remedies are powerless, I go to Him who knows how to cure all ills. Only I use diplomacy; since the rush of my work hardly allows me enough time to pray as I ought, I take Our Lady for my intermediary; on my way to my patients I say one or two decades of the rosary.

"There's nothing easier, you see. I am quietly seated in my carriage, I slip my hand into my pocket, and start my conversation. The rosary is my interpreter."

LOGIC

A missionary in Africa tells the story of an old negro, who, before his conversion to the Catholic Church, had been a priest of their idol-worshipping cult. Step by step, he rose to frequent and even daily Communion.

Every day, after receiving the Blessed Eucharist, he would prostrate himself, with his forehead to the ground and remain so for twenty minutes or half an hour.

The missionary, struck by the negro's fervor, asked him about it one day.

"Father," answered he, "when I adored the idols, I prostrated there to the very dust. Should I do less now that I adore the true God?"

Ah, if we only made as much effort in the service of God as we do in the service of our miserable little idols!

There is music wherever there is harmony, order or proportion.

Pointed Paragraphs

IN THE OFFING

We have hardly done saying Merry Christmas. The evergreen wreathes have scarcely been removed. The toys of the youngsters are not yet all broken. We still remember who gave us that pretty tie or that silken thing.

We glance casually at the Calendar and see February 17th marked as Ash Wednesday. Shades of Lent!

Wait till it comes. But then remember with Whom you go into the "wilderness to pray"—with Whom you walk down through the valley of Cedron into the Garden of Gethsemane and up the blood-stained hill of Calvary. Then recall for whose sake He first walked that dreary way ending on the Cross.

Oh the sweetness of bearing the Cross with Him! There you will find peace and strength of soul. Easter lies beyond and its light will brighten your life.

HAPPINESS NOW

We hear so much about happiness these days and see in the daily papers how much mischief is done in its name, that human happiness takes on the character of a problem.

We were interested in reading an article lately by Booth Tarkington, bearing the title: Happiness Now. He finds that happiness does not consist really in the absence of certain goods but in "missing" them and that "missing" is chiefly an act of the mind.

But of all things that people "miss", the fundamental one is not money or success or even life, but happiness. And everyone has a certain amount of happiness. Only we do not realize it and do not bring it to our minds.

He quarrels with Mark Twain's definition of happiness—who said: "Our happiness is only our unconsciousness of troubles that we really have." And thinks the converse might be said as well: Our unhappiness is really only our unconsciousness of blessings that we really have."

Anything then that will help to keep us conscious of the blessings we have—and everyone has them—will contribute toward our happiness. Nothing reveals these blessings to us in such multitude or so surely and clearly, as Faith. The light of faith turned on our lives will help to keep unimportant annoyances in the background and bring into relief the many blessings bestowed on us; the light of faith will reveal blessings in our lives where before we saw only shadows and sorrows; the light of faith, indeed, by revealing the eternal values of all and holding out to us rewards that defy even death, will turn all things into brightness—even struggle, failure, misfortune and bereavement.

Comparative happiness—for there is no full satisfaction here below. We are striving—we are on the road.

THE INVISIBLE AUDIENCE

In a recent magazine article, Melba, the great singer, gives an account of her first attempt at singing for the gramophone.

"You who sit back by your firesides," she says, "listening in tranquility to our songs imagining that they were sung without nervousness, without any of the tremors that a great audience inspires, have little idea that to sing to the gramophone is, in reality, one of the most nerve-wracking ordeals.

"Let us suppose that I am making a record with an obligato of flute and a piano accompaniment. I stand against a wall, in front of a hole which I know to be the thin end of a trumpet leading to the recording apparatus. This apparatus is in the adjoining room, so that all I can see of the work is glimpsed through the tiny hole....

"We get ready to sing, the flutist coming close to me as possible without actually treading on my toes....

"A slight whirring noise comes from the other room, the pianist starts to play, the flute blows in my ear, and I begin to sing. There is no audience to cheer me on, only the sight of a little square window. But there is, in my mind's eye, an audience far greater than that of an operatic hall, and I know that if I make the slightest mistake, the faintest error in breathing, there it will remain, mercilessly reproduced to all eternity..... It makes me feel much as a sinner would do on judgment day."

Indeed, it is a good simile of our own lives. How much of our suffering, our effort, our intentions, our triumphs is hidden? Faith indeed reveals to us the audience beyond—God and the angels—but faith is after all much like the little window—the narrow end of the trumpet. It has its mists and its darkness.

But we have one consolation. God in His mercy has given us a means to correct our mistakes and efface their blurring record before the great day of judgment—in a good Confession.

THAT ALL MAY BE ONE

From January 18 to January 25 the Church Unity Octave is celebrated—with prayers for the reunion of all Christendom. This year, probably, this devotion begun by the convert Friars of Graymoor, New York, has met a wider adoption than ever before. If there is—and there seems evidently to be—a yearning in all Christendom for unity such as Christ foresaw and wished—this world-wide devotion in the Catholic Church gives us hope of some day seeing it realized.

At the same time we find—and this also is notable—a push toward reunion with the Oriental Churches and the Russian Orthodox. Just at present the Catholic Union, under the guidance of the well-known Benedictine, von Galen, is especially active. And the movement has the special blessing of the Holy See.

We received recently from the Catholic Guild of Israel (London) a pamphlet, entitled: *Jews and Catholics*, written by Rev. A. F. Day, S.J. It is not only an eloquent appeal for a sympathetic attitude toward the spiritual problems of the modern Jew, but at the same time, offers some striking points of contact between Jews and Catholics, which might be approaches to union.

It is another instance of the push toward Unity. Unity seems to be a demand of the human spirit. It strengthens us in our conviction that unity is a mark of Christ's Church.

THE COMING OF THE KING

The crowning act of the Jubilee Year just completed in Rome, was the establishment by the Holy Father of the Feast of Christ the King of Society.

We cannot help admiring with what broadness of vision, pene-

tration of faith, and boldness of plan, Cardinal Mundelein seizes upon the idea and develops it, in his recent Pastoral Letter on the Eucharistic Congress to be held in Chicago next June. The whole letter deserves to be printed here; but we can only quote from it:

"How fortunate are we of Chicago to be chosen among the cities of this country, to be the official host of the Son of God for the first time in our history. What a privilege is ours to bring Him forth from the hidden recesses of the tabernacle, to place Him high on the throne for the adoration of thousands, yes millions of His children, to bear Him forth in procession not in the dim aisles of our churches, no, out in the open, under the blue vault of heaven, in the midst of the great adoring crowds, with all the splendor and color of the most glorious pageantry the world can witness and which only the age-old liturgy of Mother Church can produce.

"The name of Chicago is today on the lips of millions and millions of the world's inhabitants in the most distant corners of the earth, not as a center of industry and commerce, not because of the lawlessness which we ourselves have been the first to broadcast and exaggerate before the world, but rather as a prominent religious center, as a great Catholic stronghold, as a dwelling-place of many thousands of God's faithful children and decent law-abiding people.

"As a result they are coming here to help us honor Christ our Lord, as He has rarely been honored in the history of this land, to bear witness by their coming of the universality of the old Church and the unanimity of our belief in the Real Presence of the Son of God on our altars, finally, to share with us the treasures of grace which the Lord scatters with such lavish hand on a propitious occasion like this when His subjects are gathered to render Him here in a public manner the tribute of loyalty, love and adoration such as the Angels and Saints offer Him perpetually in the court of heaven."

NOT MERE PAGEANTRY

That Cardinal Mundelein's idea of the Eucharistic Congress is not mere external pageantry and display, that it is not meant to be a demonstration in the ordinary sense of the word, is put beyond all cavil by the one feature which he rates paramount, the one duty that he emphasizes for all:

"But there is one duty," he says in his pastoral, "that we all share equally, one tribute to which we all can and must contribute, if we do not want to feel ourselves strangers in our Father's house and in the family of the faithful on the eventful day when the Congress opens next June. As the head of this great church, as your leader and spokesman, I offered to God and promised to His Vicar on earth, our Holy Father, for his particular intention, one million Communions on the Sunday morning the Congress opens. And then I had in mind not the Catholic dwelling elsewhere, not the strangers within our gates, but every soul in this city and diocese who lays claim to the Catholic name and professes adherence and obedience to the Catholic Faith, even of those who have been none too fervent in the past; yet on that morning we hope and pray that none will be absent from the Eucharistic banquet, no one will decline to personally welcome God's divine Son in this way, not one will be an absent prodigal when the whole Catholic family gathers about the Holy Table to partake of the Paschal Lamb who takes away the sins of the world. If we succeed in doing this, we will accomplish what no people have ever done before, we will have offered the Eucharistic King a tribute such as all the glory of the pageantry, all the splendor of the ritual, all the eloquence of the many discourses cannot produce."

Such is the splendid vision that rises before the mind of the Cardinal. It is the language of Faith. We cannot help wondering, with him, what will come of it.

"Who knows," he says, "whether our unified gift of a million communions rising like a vast cloud of incense to the throne of God may not bring about a great change in the world's events in the years to come; for I know what is in the Sovereign Pontiff's mind, and how stupendous the grace is which he hopes to obtain by our gift of a million communions in one day."

Conscience is like a railway switch. If it is carefully tended it will keep you on the right track.

Better to stand ten thousand sheers than one abiding pang—such as time could not abolish—of bitter self-reproach.—*C. K. of W.*

"A man's job is his best friend."—*Capper of Kansas.*

Our Lady's Page

Our Lady of Perpetual Help

MANHOOD—MAIDENHOOD

There are unfortunately too many of us who are sitting back, these days, and criticising the times and the tendencies of the times. The times are indeed bad. But when were they any better? And there are periods in the history of the world when they were decidedly worse. I speak of the condition of morals.

In the Book of Proverbs we read: "It is a proverb: A young man according to his way, even when he is old he will not depart from it." (XXII-6) Along the line of progress from childhood to man's estate there is no period of life which is so dangerous as the years between thirteen and twenty-one. Then, when the child is ripening into manhood or womanhood, the usual course of events first sends that child out into the world to 'make a living.' No preparation has been had for the new way of living, excepting the training of the head for arithmetic and the hand for penmanship. The heart has not received any training of an especial kind. If the religious element has been left entirely out of the curriculum of regular, daily studies the poor child is sent into a world, which is the enemy of all that is best in man, wholly unprepared to cope with that same world. Inexperienced as the child is after such a training it has a hard road to travel. All the learning in the world cannot fit it for this new battle. And how often the bitter lessons of experience leave that young, buoyant spirit sadder and wiser!

The maxims of the world are opposed to those of religion. And it is in the world that we must acquire the means of livelihood. There the almighty dollar and the restless striving after this almighty dollar are held up as the one "big" thing worth living and striving for. And riches have always been one of the greatest drawbacks to true Christian living. Then too, at this particular time the sex-instinct is beginning to develop rapidly. And who does not know what dangers lurk there?

Hence we say that there is no more dangerous period of life than that of the transition into manhood or womanhood. How necessary are good teachers and solid principles of piety in these years? Good teachers must be the parents who have the full confidence of their children. If such is not the case—and how often it is not—then religion and religion alone must be the guide to keep us walking aright. Here the devotion of the child to the Blessed Mother—that model of purity and uprightness—will be the test of fidelity or infidelity. If this devotion has been implanted in the younger days: 'a young man, when he grows old will not depart from his ways.' Neither will a young woman—no matter what the world and companions may say or do.

St. Casimir IV (1458-1484) was an example in point. During the tender years of childhood he was brought up by a pious mother and religious teachers. The young men of his age and time were—for the most part—not so trained. Casimir refrained from the liberties and the license of his friends. When they went out for their revels he went to pray. Casimir forbade them ever to utter any of their indecencies in his presence; and they respected his wish. He shunned any of their games and sports—innocent though these might be in themselves—for fear that they would intrude something which might disturb his peace of heart. He spent such time in prayer in his room or in the home-chapel. And he fought them every time that they sought to reprove him for being what we would term a "sissy", or too pious! He did not prevail on any of them to abandon their ways; but he saved his own soul. His most frequent prayer was the hymn of today:

"Daily, daily sing to Mary,
Sing my soul her praises due."

He called her "his dearest Mother" and often said that it was Mary, the Perpetual Help of Christians, who kept him good and pure.

IN GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT

"I wish to thank our dear Lady of Perpetual Help for granting me a very great favor. I have promised publication and also enclose five dollars for which please have a High Mass sung in her honor. This is also a part of the promise I made."—Detroit.

"I wish to thank our Lady of Perpetual Help for a very special favor received through her intercession."—Sr. C.

Catholic Events

By an Apostolic Constitution the Holy Father has extended the spiritual benefits of the Holy Year to the whole world for one year. The period of extension began at Vespers on New Year's Day, and will continue until midnight, December 31, 1926. During that time Catholics in all parts of the world may gain the same indulgences and spiritual benefits as could be gained during the past year by those who made the Holy Year pilgrimage to Rome.

The conditions upon which the indulgences may be gained are: Prayer for the same intentions as were prescribed for the Holy Year pilgrims; Confession and Communion and visits, on five days, either consecutively or interrupted, to the cathedral or principal church of the locality and to three other churches to be designated by the local ordinary. If there are not four churches in the place, a smaller number will suffice, even though there be only one, provided, however, that four visits must be made in one day.

The annual Confession and Communion in fulfillment of the Easter duty will not suffice for gaining the jubilee indulgences. These indulgences can be gained twice by each Catholic, once for himself and once for someone who is dead.

* * *

Msgr. Edward A. Mooney, spiritual director of the American College, Rome, was the recipient of an extraordinary Vatican honor when the Pope nominated him to be Apostolic Delegate to India. Msgr. Mooney is a native of Mount Savage, Maryland. It is believed to be the first time an American has held such a post. The new Apostolic Delegate to India is 43 years of age.

* * *

It is not known as yet who will be the Papal Delegate to the Eucharistic Congress in Chicago. Three cardinals are mentioned: Cardinal Merry del Val, Cardinal Gasparri, the Papal Secretary, and Cardinal Sincero. Cardinal Bonzano, one time papal delegate at Washington, is also a candidate.

* * *

Although accurate figures are not available, it is estimated that 1,000,000 pilgrims were drawn to the Eternal City from all parts of the world by the Holy Year of Jubilee. From Germany there came 400,000; from France and Spain, 120,000 each; the United States probably ranks next.

* * *

February will be Catholic Press Month. Rt. Rev. Philip R. McDevitt, Bishop of Harrisburg, and chairman of the Department of Press, Publicity and Literature of the N. C. W. C., has sent a letter to all the Bishops of the country calling this to their attention and ask-

ing them to have sermons preached in all churches on the Catholic Press and Reading.

* * *

According to the financial report for the fiscal year 1924-1925, the Propagation of the Faith at Rome received from all countries in the world, 44,316,446.81 million Italian lire and disbursed forty million to the missions. Of this total, sixteen and a half million came from the United States. Besides, American Catholics distributed almost twenty-six million more directly to various missions, making a total of 42,413,-253.79 lire. America thus donated more to the missions than came from 53 nations.

* * *

At a celebration in honor of the diamond jubilee of the Ursuline Sisters held in Cleveland recently, Bishop Schrembs offered pontifical Mass at which over a thousand Sisters were present—members of the Ursuline Order and of the other Sisterhoods teaching in Cleveland diocese.

* * *

Miss Antoinette Margot, who was Clara Barton's assistant in the founding of the American Red Cross Society, died at her home in Washington at the age of 82. She was well known as an artist, having won a medal at the Paris Salon for her work. During the Franco-Prussian War she served as a nurse. A year after that war, at the request of Miss Barton, she came to America, and the two labored together to establish the American Red Cross. Later she returned to France and there was converted through a miracle wrought at the grave of the sainted Cure of Ars, which induced her to read his life. For the last twenty-five years, Miss Margot, with her friend, Miss De Larue, lived almost the life of an ascetic in her home at Brookland. By common agreement they wore the simplest clothes, ate the simplest food, and completely avoided paid entertainments so as to have more to devote to charity and the church.

* * *

A recent survey made by the bureau of education of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, reveals that the percentage of Catholic High School graduates who continue their studies in colleges and other institutions is 11.1 per cent higher than that in the public schools. According to the Catholic bureau's figures, 55.5 per cent of the graduates take up additional schooling. Figures compiled by the United States Bureau of Education show that only 44.4 per cent of the public high school graduates take up higher education.

* * *

Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, one of the foremost Jewish rabbis in the United States, in a sermon preached in New York recently, caused quite a stir in Jewish circles. He spoke of the greatness of the personality of Jesus, saying: "Jesus was not a being come down from heaven, but one who attained to heavenly heights. He was not a God who walked on earth like a man, but a human who walked with God on earth. He was not a God who lived humanly, but a man who lived

divinely." He then stated: "Jesus was a Jew," and even, "the greatest teacher in Israel," and "Jews must accept Jesus"—by which, of course, he meant only: "Jews must accept the fact that Jesus was a great Jew and a great Jewish teacher, wherefore Jews must accept the morality taught by Him." Orthodox Jews thought this an invitation to all Jews to accept Christianity.

* * *

There is no change in the religious conditions in the State of Tabasco, Mexico, where the anti-Catholic activities of the authorities have been most intense. The three priests still remaining in the State are still in hiding and unable to exercise their sacred ministry, and the Bishop is not optimistic about the prospect for a return to his diocese.

* * *

Washington's legislature has cleaned the slate of the last of the several bills introduced by Representative Egbert of Pierce County, which were inimical to the rights and welfare of private and parochial schools. The House Committee reported that they should not pass and the House cleaned them off the slate by bringing them to a vote and swiftly killing them. The bills proposed taxation of schools and hospitals, and harmful restrictions requiring private schools to use only those text-books employed in public schools. And so the School Question is settled for the time in Washington.

* * *

More than 600 members of the Ku Klux Klan of New Haven, Conn., resigned from the Klan after addressing a letter to one of the Imperial officials describing the Klan as "a blasphemous caricature professing Protestantism" and as "anti-Catholic and anti-Jew," "anti-American and anti-Protestant." Only about 100 members of the original Klan of New Haven still retain their membership. The letter said in part: "No American worthy of the name can longer affiliate with an organization such as the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan of Georgia, Inc., now is and maintain his self-respect. * * * It has become a travesty on patriotism and a blasphemous caricature professing Protestantism. It is not only anti-Catholic and anti-Jew but absolutely anti-American and anti-Protestant. It has become without question the greatest menace facing the American people today."

* * *

At the convention of the Catholic American Historical Society held in Ann Arbor, Mich., Dr. Guilday reminded his hearers that a Catholic priest, Father Gabriel Richard, was one of the founders of the University of Michigan, adding that Father Richard brought the first printing press to this territory and later was sent as a representative to Congress, where he labored to promote the building of national highways.

* * *

Cardinal Mercier of Brussels, Belgium, died Friday, January 22, after a brave struggle for health. His greatest merits are his efforts to reawaken interest in scholastic philosophy and his leadership of the Belgian people during the War.

Some Good Books

It Happened in Rome. By Isabel C. Clarke. Published by Benziger Bros. Price \$2.00 net.

As the title suggests, the plot of this absorbing novel is laid in the Eternal City, and that, too, during the Holy Year just passed. Fergus Challinor, a young man in the English diplomatic service, happens to reach Rome just prior to the Opening of the Holy Door of St Peter's, and by a fortunate turn of events, manages to procure a ticket admitting him to be present at this ceremony.

It was while waiting for the function to begin that he has momentary glimpses of a young woman—very beautiful, with magnificent dark eyes and delicately drawn features—who had a place in the very front row. Though not himself a Catholic, Fergus feels convinced that she must be of the faith, for she has not the air of a mere sightseer. Later he gets to know her personally and—well, you had better begin reading the story yourself, with the assurance that you will surely be tempted to make perhaps important tasks wait till you have pursued the elusive plot to the very end.

The Virgin Birth. By Rev. Martin J. Scott, S.J. Published by P. J. Kennedy & Sons. Price \$2.00; postpaid \$2.15.

Though it brings forward nothing essentially new, this addition to Father Scott's Library of Popular Apologetics is timely. In it the author throws himself wholeheartedly into the religious issues of the day, discussing the more important questions on which Fundamentalists and Modernists are at variance. And he does this in a manner at once thorough and popular, so that any reader of fair intelligence can readily understand the matter in hand and thus draw from the reading a mine of information that will enable him "to give a reason for the faith that is in him." Furthermore, it is an excellent book to give to inquiring non-Catholic friends.

Blessed Be God. By Rev. Charles J. Callan, O.P., and Rev. John A. McHugh, O.P. Published by P. J. Kennedy & Sons. Price, imitation leather, \$2.50; leather, \$3.50—\$10.00.

After giving this new Prayer Book our careful examination, we unhesitatingly recommend it to our readers. And we wish to state at once what feature above all others appeals to us—its conformity with the Liturgy of the Church. The Reverend Authors have rightly sensed that it is by uniting themselves to the spirit and mind of the Church that Catholics will be enlightened and instructed at every step and imbued with that spirit of fervent yet solid devotion which is the very essence of true Christian life.

This book is complete, embracing regular and special prayers for various occasions and seasons of the ecclesiastical year; thus it contains the prayers of Holy Mass in Latin with English translation, Nuptial Mass and Solemn Requiem Mass complete, Vespers, the Holy Hour, Visits to the Blessed Sacrament, etc.

Six One Act Plays. By Rev. Daniel A. Lord, S.J. Published by Benziger Bros. Price, \$1.75.

This book of plays, no doubt, contributes to fill a long felt want. Anybody who has had experience in providing plays for school or college commencements, for parish dramatic societies or clubs, has more than once been at a loss to find something suitable. In despair he grasped for the next best—often not very satisfactory. Most plays on the market positively repel.

Father Lord provides six one-act plays that are not so difficult to stage and that have a very modern flavor. They are full of dramatic action and sure to please. And they will exalt players and audience, for the sentiment is noble, even sublime.

The one-act play is a rather modern development that calls for great skill. The author has achieved no mean success.

Lucid Intervals

"Papa, kin I go swimming?"

"They ain't no water, child."

"Don't need none. I kin do the sun stroke."

The following story is told by Mr. F. G. Baker, electrical engineer at Springfield, Mo.:

His young daughter picked up a wasp. As she stood ruefully sucking her thumb, her father came up and asked what was the matter.

"That bug's wiring was wrong," she answered. I touched him and he wasn't insulated at all.

Playwright—"I'll read you the fifth act now. "Enter the heroine and hero. The clock strikes one —"

Friend, suppressing a yawn: "Which one?"

At a small country school the scholars were having a lesson on animals. The teacher had asked a number of questions which were easily answered. At length she said:

"Why does a dog hang out his tongue when running?"

A lad who had not answered before held up his hand.

"Yes, Tommy, what is it?" she inquired.

"To balance its tail," was the reply.

A colored school teacher is credited with the following: "The word 'pants' am an uncommon noun, because pants am singular at the top and plural at the bottom."

She—"That last high note was D flat."

He—"That's what I thought, but I didn't like to say so."

Lady: What color curtains have you?

Floor Walker: Oh, they're all shades.

One farmer: Out where I come from the squashes grow so big we have to haul them in with a team of horses.

Another One: That's nothing; out where I live the corn grows so fast that we have to keep two men at the base of each stalk to chop the ears off as they go by, and one day one of the fellows missed one ear and it caught under his belt. By heck, you won't believe it, but it carried him up so far that we had to shoot dog biscuits up to him with a shotgun to keep him from starving.

Jan—Oh Mary, I've a secret just for you. I'm engaged, but don't tell anyone.

Mary—Marvelous. Whom shan't I tell first.

"I hear you're keeping a keg of beer in your room."

"Yes, I'm taking it to gain strength."

"Any results?"

"Marvelous! When I first got the thing I couldn't even move it, and now I can roll it all around the floor."

A man of the world had slipped and fallen on the icy sidewalk. A deacon of the church came along and remarked quite solemnly, "The wicked standeth in a slippery place."

"I see they do, but I can't," replied the fallen man, trying to arise.

An absent-minded and nearsighted professor, going out in the night, stumbled against a cow. In the confusion of the moment he raised his hat and exclaimed, "I beg your pardon, madam." Soon after, in turning a corner, he nearly ran into a lady. In sudden recollection of his former mishap, he called out, "Is that you again, you brute?"

A man sent his Irish servant with a present of a live hare to a friend. The hare manged to escape, but the servant made no effort to catch it; all he did was to stand and gaze after it with a satisfied grin on his face. "Ye may run and run and run, ye belubbering baste," he shouted, "but it's no use, for ye haven't got the address."

Redemptorist Scholarships

A scholarship is a fund the interest of which serves for the education of a Redemptorist missionary student in perpetuity.

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* * *

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